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MOTHER EARTH

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THE CALF PATH

By Sam W. Foss.

One day, through the primeval wood,
A Calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the Calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone Dog that passed that way.
And then a wise bell-weather Sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-weathers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that Calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked,
Because he wabbled as he walked.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again.

This crooked Lane became a Road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footprints of that Calf.
The years passed on in swiftest fleet,
The Road became a village Street,
And this, before the men were 'ware,
A City's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned Metropolis.
And Men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that Calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag Calf about.
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand Men were led
By one Calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day:
For thus such reverence is lent
To well established Precedent.

A moral lesson this must teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For Men are prone to go it Blind
Along the Calf-paths of the Mind,
And work away from sun to sun,
And do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and in and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw that first primeval Calf!
And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

From pulpit and press, from millions of Christian hearts come the glad tidings, "Peace on earth, good will to all men!"

Can the human mind conceive of a more terrible taunt, a more horrible lie than this old Christian phrase?!

"Peace on earth!" cries the President, ordering the decks of his warships cleared for action.

"Peace on earth!" echo the Jingoes, demanding an increased army and navy.

"Good will to all men," unctiously proclaim the servants of the lowly Nazarene, while praying their governments to send soldiers to help "convert" the "heathen."

"Peace and good will," says the judge, as he pronounces the sentence of death.

"Thy will be done!" murmurs the steward of the Lord's bounty, as he raises the price of oil, coal and other necessaries of life.

"Good will to all men," greets you the landlord, ordering your eviction.

"Peace!" cries the employer, as he snatches the bread from the poor man's table.

"God is Love and His Law is Liberty," echo the guns trained upon starving strikers.

"Peace and good will!" jubiliantly announce the newspapers, dwelling upon the numerous murders, robberies, rapes and evictions of the preceding day.

"Peace on earth, good will to all men!" proclaims the Christian world, while thousands are dying of starvation, the cities crowded with the unemployed, the park benches lined with the homeless, the prisons overfilled, and "free" men, women and children are miserably perishing of hunger, cold and neglect.

Peace on earth!

* * *

The poor Nazarene could not have possibly foreseen the practical effects of his Sermon on the Mount: the capitalists have ever since been trying to feed the multitudes on three loaves of bread—with disastrous results. But how much longer is society going to permit them to carry on this terrible experiment? They have indeed wrought a great miracle: they have charmed mankind

into the belief that life must mean poverty and misery for those that toil, and luxury for the idlers. "The poor ye have always with ye." What horrible consequences this highly immoral injunction has had, what a vale of tears and sorrow it has made of a beautiful world! If "poor" and "idler" were synonymous, one might perhaps bow to the inevitable, if such it be. At least, one could understand and explain it. But are the poor really idlers, and are the idlers poor?

See yonder grand palaces, gems of beauty, art and luxury. They are filled with sunshine, joy and all the things with which the labor of the world blesses its creators. Therein dwell the men that mine coal out of the dark bowels of the earth, to supply mankind with light and warmth. And the men of the field and factory dwell there, who give us our food and all necessaries of life. And other men and women live in these palaces, all enjoying the riches they have helped to produce. There live the masons, bricklayers, carpenters and iron workers who have built these palaces; and the tailor and shoemaker live there, too; also the sailor who takes us safely across the seas; and the telegrapher, motorman and engineer, who literally bring the world together; and all those live there, in comfort, joy and peace, who bless humanity with its riches, wealth and splendor.

But look at yonder hovels, dark, miserable, joyless. See those starvelings, dillapitated and homeless men, women and children, with the misery-hunted look on their faces,—these are our Rockefellers, Morgans and Belmonts; the social idlers who will not labor and who add nothing to the producing power of the world. These idlers are justly punished: they do not sow, neither shall they reap.

The world is just and beautiful.

* * *

Even at its best, the fate of the workingman is a miserable eking out of a mere existence. The "iron law of wages"—a euphonious term for the conspiracy of employer, storekeeper and landlord—has ordained that the producer shall receive just enough pay to—keep on producing. And if by some happy chance—usually by systematic stomach-robbery—the workingman has succeeded in laying aside a few dollars for a rainy day,

when that rainy day comes, the poor man finds that his banker has "lived beyond his income," and that the "bank has closed its doors" for that or some other equally good reason.

Even in time of so-called prosperity the lot of the workingman is not to be envied. But during an industrial crisis, such as the present, for instance, the condition of the masses becomes unbearable. The number of unemployed is growing appallingly. In New York alone there are now a hundred thousand men out of work—and that means dire poverty, lack of the necessaries of life, cold firesides, starving women and children.

What shall be done? It is not a "mere Anarchist theory" that confronts us. We are facing hard, cruel facts. Where are our sage political economists? What solution can our learned professors suggest to relieve the terrible distress? What explanation can the apologists and defenders of our insane economic system offer? The crops have been unusually good. Why, then, do human beings starve in the midst of plenty? The warehouses and stores are chocked with clothing. Is it *therefore* that people must go about half-naked? There are plenty of houses and many vacant lots where homes could be built. Why, then, are thousands shelterless?

The fool sayeth in his heart, "There is no work." But life is sustained by the *products* of work, not by work in itself. And if those products and the opportunity to create them were not monopolized by the social idlers, we would have neither crises nor hard times.

Let hypocrites and their dupes talk about "inevitable dull times," "stringency of money," "lack of work" and similar rot. Their object is to befog the minds of the people and to stifle the cries of the hungry with lying phrases.

But you, workingmen of America, do not allow yourselves to be deceived. You do not want charity; nor will any makeshifts do. "Bad times" will recur again and again; delay will but intensify your agonies. Do not depend upon others for a solution of these problems. *You* are the greatest sufferer, the eternal victim. *You are to be your own savior.* The remedy lies in your own hands. You are the true owners of the wealth you yourselves have produced. It is yours by right of creation.

You need but demand back what has been stolen from you. Let your motto be: The land and the fulness thereof to the producer!

* * *

Little straws on the current of life show whither we are drifting.

Recently we read in the press dispatches that

"Charles Smith laughed at a Newark, N. J., policeman in a derisive manner Thursday night. For doing so he was fined $20 by Judge Herr in that city yesterday morning. The court said that mocking a policeman meant mockery of the established social system. Such action was immoral, he said, and therefore a fine with an alternative of sixty days in the penitentiary was imposed."

Paradoxical as it may sound, the judge was right; the more's the pity. He said that "mocking a policeman meant mockery of the established social system." Quite true. The policeman is the visible representative of that combination of brute force, arbitrariness and graft, known as the established social system.

The established social system! What a mockery in the very words. A system in which everything is "established" except justice and humanity; everything "systematized" into murder, chicanery and artificiality; everything "socialized" along the most anti-social lines.

Wars, pestilence, poverty; tyranny and oppression; cowardice and knavery—these are the triumphs of the established social system, whose chief exponent is the policeman with the big stick.

* * *

The Federal government has again been overcome by a spasm of "morality." A recent number of the *Eugenics* has been found—by some ignorant bureau clerk, no doubt—to contain "immoral and obscene" matter, in punishment of which the magazine may be deprived of its right to be carried in the mails as second-class matter.

The Federal government has long regarded our brave little contemporary, the *Eugenics* (formerly known as *Lucifer*), as a dangerous exposer of prudishness, sham and hypocricy in the relations of the sexes. Hence the persecution. But the pioneers of truth and liberty have ever had to suffer for their devotion to the cause. The gallows and prison have never yet conquered the aspira-

tions of the human soul. The Federal government is waging a losing battle.

* * *

A sentence of two years in prison at hard labor and a fine of two thousand dollars was imposed by Judge William M. Lanning, in the United States District Court, upon Bernarr Macfadden, editor of the *Physical Culture Magazine*, for violation of the postal laws of the United States by sending "objectionable literature" through the mails.

The charge is based upon the contents of the serial story which began in the October, 1906, issue of the magazine; the story was entitled, "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society," and was designed to arouse the public conscience to the frightful immorality of accepted moral standards.

There is no crime which governments punish with greater severity than the espousal of an unpopular cause, looking toward the enlightenment of benighted humanity.

The case of Bernarr Macfadden has been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. Foreseeing, however, probable defeat, the friends of Macfadden are now circulating a petition for his "pardon." Those wishing to sign it, are requested to communicate with Bernarr Macfadden, Flatiron Building, New York City.

* * *

The capitalists of Nevada—aided by the ever servile State and Federal authorities—have tried all means at hand to provoke a condition of affairs at the Goldfield mines which might serve as a pretext for the wholesale slaughter of the strikers. Having failed in their purpose, in spite of the regulars which the White House Tsar so obligingly sent to aid the exploiters, the cabal of law and capital is now planning to obtain a Federal injunction, ostensibly to prevent picketing, but in reality to bring about the dissolution of the Goldfield Miners' Union.

C. E. Mahoney, vice-president of the Western Federation of Miners, is reported to have expressed himself as follows:

"An injunction of this kind, if issued, will mean that there is nothing left for the miners to do but to go and jump in the

sea. Any judge and set of men who fancy that the Goldfield miners will tamely submit to this procedure are greatly mistaken. I would favor ignoring any such order from any court in existence. Injunctions have come to be a mere joke to the American people, and this one would be the biggest joke of all. We shall fight it with every weapon at our disposal. There would be nothing else for us to do."

Quite right. There is nothing for labor to do, but to *fight for its emancipation from the thraldom of State and capital.* Only those who are willing to fight for liberty deserve it. Only those have it who conquer it.

* * *

Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein—Chancellor Day has spoken. Without any previous notice the learned gentleman of Syracuse University overwhelmed an unsuspecting public with the discovery that "the rich make it possible for the laboring man to earn a livelihood."

'Tis more than a discovery, Chancellor. 'Tis an invention; and by no means recent; in fact, a hoary old lie. Suppose, Chancellor, that you and the rich were to emigrate to Hades. Would then the bakers of your city quit making bread? Why, I trow they'd even bake cake to celebrate the event.

But we understand you, Ananias. Your fling at labor, Anarchy and Emma Goldman, and your glorification of the rich—we understand them all, old prostitute: 'tis the flunkey's bid for the Oil King's New Year's tip.

* * *

Two noble veterans of the Russian Revolution have fallen into the clutches of the bloody Bear—Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Katherine Breshkovskaya.

They are dangerous, undesirable citizens. Dangerous to all tyranny and oppression; undesirable because they love liberty, aye, with an enthusiasm and zeal which know no limit. They have devoted their lives to the cause of the people; they have sacrificed wealth, position, even their own liberty to aid Russia achieve freedom. Long, weary years they have passed in prison and exile, only to prove that the fires of liberty cannot be extinguished even by the snows of Siberia. Again these brave martyrs returned to Russia, ever responsive to the call of humanity. They feared neither prison, nor probable sentence of death. Russia needed them, and they came.

Would the world had more of this spirit, more of these

noble, self-sacrificing idealists. Though misunderstood, persecuted and condemned, *the future is theirs.* That is their highest reward.

* * *

Our friend and comrade John R. Coryell, well known to all readers of MOTHER EARTH by his able contributions to our magazine, is the editor of a new monthly, *The Wide Way.*

We heartily greet the young champion of a newer and better life, and hope that the names of those may be legion who will walk with "Our John" in the Wide Way.

THE NEW GOSPEL

AS of yore, church bells and organs are again announcing the glad tidings of the birth of the Son of God, who had come on earth to redeem mankind.

Yet, while the legend of redemption is being repeated, thousands of hungry and shelterless beings are tramping the cities and towns in search of work.

They cannot but question the truth of those tidings that have brought them naught but misery and despair, and that have closed all opportunities for the many, yet lavishly bestowing upon the few.

The story proclaimed from church and steeple during two thousand years has served bigoted priests to weave a net of lies wherewith they have caught human souls, while human bodies were allowed to perish.

But the time has come when large numbers of people are beginning to realize that the Nazarene, whom they are called upon to worship as the Son of God, himself was slain by the powers of wealth and authority, even as those are made to die who dare to cry out against the thieves and Pharisees of modern times.

Christ thundered against the rich and took his place with the poor. It was to the oppressed and degraded slaves he carried the gospel of hope, of justice, of liberation. No wonder "the poor heareth him gladly."

He died the champion of a new social conception, and many of his disciples, since canonized, had continued to wage war against wealth and property.

Said St. Basilius: "Every rich man is a thief."

And St. Hyeronimus: "Superfluity is ever the fruit of theft."

St. Clemens: "Justice demands that everything should belong to all equally. Property is the child of injustice."

Such was the gospel of the new dawn that was to illumine the dark horizon of the disinherited of two thousand years ago.

To-day the same gospel is being prostituted to the lust of capitalism. True, the lie of "Peace on earth" is still proclaimed. But ever greater is the robbery, the exploitation carried on in the name of that lie.

Shall that lie live forever, poisoning the lives of millions? Shall it continue to keep them in subjection, slavery and helpless despair?

The sky of the old year looks black and sinister; seemingly not a ray of hope for all the weary, cold and miserable victims of a hard and mercenary world. Yet, perchance, like Heinrich's bell in Hauptmann's masterpiece, a different chime may announce the new year.

. . . . . "But 'tis a chime
Such as no minster in the world has seen.
Loud and majestic is its mighty voice.
Even as the thunder of a storm it sounds.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
All the church bells on earth it shall strike dumb.
All shall be hushed, as through the sky it rings
The glad new gospel of the new-born light!"

Yes, a new gospel that finds an echo in the hearts of the oppressed of the world. The gospel of human brotherhood, of the joy of life, of the right of rebellion. This gospel speaks not of a redeemer, but of the redeemed—redeemed, indeed, through their own conscious strength and power.

"Then all who drooped, with sudden power inflamed,
Shall bear their treasure homeward to their huts,
There to unfurl, at last, the silken banners,
Waiting—so long, so long—to be upraised,
And, pilgrims of the Sun, draw near the feast!"

HOW TO END PANICS

An Address to Poor People.

WE are having a panic; and all that you know of the how and the wherefore of it, is that you are laid off, there is no work, your savings are dwindling very fast, you do not know how you are going to pay your rent a month from now, or two or three months at most, nor how you are to get food for yourself and those depending on you. These things you *know*, with a desperate and unsparing certainty, that does not quit you, day or night, and makes you haggard, restless and futile in all you undertake. As for the rest, it is all a muddle; how it came about, why it came about, who is to blame or what is to blame, of this you have a mass of indistinct and contradictory impressions gotten from your newspaper, your corner saloon or grocery, your boss or your shopmates, none of whom have any clearer conceptions than yourself, and every one a different conception. One thing seems conclusive: neither you, nor any one of these, has any more power over the condition than over a thunderstorm; the social wheels are coming to a stop, and no one is able to keep them turning. And yet—*society is made for men, not men for society;* society is, or should be, an arrangement for the mutual benefit of all its constituents; it is, or it should be, sufficiently plastic to be remoulded by the needs of its members. As it is, however, so far from being served by the social organization, the security, well-being, health, even the bare existence of its members, are destroyed wholesale, so that Society-as-it-is may continue to exist; so that bonds, banks, interest, rent, profit, and taxes may continue their course undisturbed. Beside these august institutions, hoary with time and respectability, human flesh and blood are weighed as nothing, and men die in their hunger and despair that property may be preserved inviolate. So curious is the human mind, developed under the pressure of Society-as-it-is, that it is thought better to sacrifice the living maker to the inanimate thing he has made. Rather than take the food which was made to be eaten, humanity dies of hunger gazing at it; rather than warm itself with the coal which was dug to

be burned, a human being freezes to death in the secluded corner of a coal yard; rather than clothe itself with the garments which were made to be worn, a rag-concealed body shivers into final stiffness, while the unworn garments hang upon metal "dummies." Under this half-matured idea of what society is for, the real object of food-production is lost sight of; instead of being made to be eaten, it is made to sell; and the dealer in it will rather throw it into the sea, let it rot in the market-house, or burn it, than part with it without selling it. Coal is not dug to warm, but to sell; clothing is not made to protect, but to sell; houses are built, not to shelter, but to sell; and money is coined not to represent values in exchange, but to sell. To sell, *to sell,* TO SELL FOR GAIN! That is the principle animating all our social transactions. Whereby it comes about that humanity serves the Social Organization, not the social organization Humanity. Whereby it likewise comes about that in our best times, our highest ambition is to do bad work and get it received as good, and our masters' highest ambition is to get bad products on the market at the price of good ones. Big and little, all are seeking to get something for nothing; and the real purpose of producing at all, which should be to build up and preserve good bodies and good brains by the use of good, honest, wholesome products, is entirely forgotten. Whereby, also, it comes about that in our evil times, like now, we find ourselves helplessly staring at this great vague black ghost, the Panic, not knowing what to do to help ourselves, though there is plenty in the land, though the will to live is as strong as ever, and the brain is here, and the muscle is here, and all manner of material is here.

They raised a cry that gold was not here; how and why it got away, those who know all about it have taken good care to muddle well. But supposing it had gone away: is gold the thing any of us stand eminently in need of? Suppose that all the gold in the world were transmuted into dust by some philosopher's stone (its use as money has transmuted flesh into dust often enough); should we be reasonable creatures, then, to sit down and die in the midst of the wheat and the corn? Do we clothe ourselves, warm ourselves, feed ourselves, with gold? Then why do we all stop doing these things

because gold should have vanished? How much gold do any of you ever see anyway? Most of you see it occasionally in the shape of a five-dollar piece in your pay envelope, which you are generally anxious to change for paper so that you will not accidentally hand it out as a new cent. As gold you have no earthly use for it, while as money you prefer the paper which you proceed to exchange for things you need—bread, butter, meat, potatoes, milk, cotton, linen, and wool. Why, then, is it not possible to go on producing and exchanging these things, without reference to what the owners of gold are doing with their little usable commodity? Why? Because in your sublime stupidity and belief in those who rule and exploit you, you think what the gold owners want you to think; i. e., that you cannot trade coats for sugar, nor rye for shoes, unless you are able to trade the paper representative of the rye or the coats for this starvation metal that you do not want and cannot use; and because, in pursuance of your delusion, you are willing to uphold the great pyramid of gain which has its base on you and its apex in J. P. Morgan. For years you went on creating values for your employers far in excess of what you received; they pocketed the difference. For the same years your employers went on amassing these values, which they must now turn over in great part to the Napoleons of Finance, who have seized the opportune moment to squeeze them.

By the continuous operation of the process of giving more than you get, it finally arrives that the gatherers of gain have gotten products into their possession and are not able to part with them, because the givers of gain have nothing more to give. Meanwhile the gain-gatherers inaugurate a fiercer looting of each other. The owners of gold, the king commodity, proceed to concentrate it in their own chosen places, and the cry goes abroad that "the people are hoarding." "The people," save the mark! How much have you hoarded, you who read this? How many do you know who have anything to hoard? And for those industrious and saving souls who may have succeeded in putting away two or three hundred dollars in the bank, in the course of five years' work (the withdrawal of which by the "hoarders" is sometimes said to have caused this panic), what will

have become of their "hoards" at the end of two or three months out of work?

One Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, is reported as saying that one of the potent causes of the panic is, that "the American people have been living extravagantly, the practice being well-nigh universal," while at the conclusion of the same speech he regrets that the people, having lost confidence, have withdrawn their money and are selfishly hoarding it. O wondrous operation! You spend your money and you get a panic, or you put it in your stocking and you get a panic! "Be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't."

You have been extravagant, you people who live, a family of you, in three rooms up the back stairs of a tenement, for which you pay $3.50 a week rent. You have eaten too much and drunken too much and worn too many good clothes—have you? The weekly expense per individual counts up to five or six dollars. That is extravagant! You should learn to live on three dollars a week, and put the other two or three in the bank, so that the gentlemen of finance may have wherewith to buy more bonds—after they have created a demand for them! Or, providentially, in emergency, to loan to your boss to pay your wages with! Until it dawns on the latter that as you can live on less, he may as well cut your wages and put the money to his own account; whereby we shall the sooner circle round again to the condition where production will stop because you have nothing left wherewith to buy back your products; and the owners of gold will once more proceed to fleece the owners of other commodities, because of the ruinous idea that there is a special virtue in gold redemption. That will be the result of economizing on food and clothes, so far as staving off panics is concerned; you may wonder somewhat what sort of an effect it is going to have on your bone and muscle, too.

And now you are hoarding! Having wasted your substance in riotous living, you are putting it in your stockings besides; and *that* causes the panic. Because if you don't furnish money to the banks, how shall they do business?

Verily, American people, you are very wonderful beings! You eat your cake and you have it, too; and you haven't got it because you have it. Thus Mr. Shaw and his wisdom.

But you, poor people, you know it is all a bitter and infamous lie. Facing the cruel winter weather, with neither hoard behind you nor hope before you, and knowing well that so far from having been extravagant you have been pitifully penurious, counting the nickels and the dimes with hateful parsimony, *you* know that whatever has caused the panic, it was not your "extravagance" nor your "hoarding." *You* know that what you have been extravagant in has been the eyesight you have wasted in dimly lighted or glaringly lighted shops, the muscle you have exhausted in the long overtime stretches, the blood that has gone impure, filled with the poison of the factory air. These you have wasted ruinously, but nothing else. You have not "purchased city property on the mortgage plan," nor "coal and iron mines," nor "timbered land"; you have not "purchased high-grade stocks and bonds with borrowed money," nor "invested in railway enterprises"; your credit isn't good for that. Such dealings are all the legitimate and inevitable working of the present social organization, which you serve, but which does not serve you; which is callous to your present misery, which will permit you to die in the midst of the wealth you have helped to create.

All panics are caused ultimately by this system under which one man is forced to work for another, and gives up the whole of his product for a part; whence it must inevitably result that masses of wealth accumulate in the hands of some. The longer the process goes on, the less the mass will have, and the more the accumulators.

The specific period for precipitating a panic is deliberately determined, of malice aforethought, by those accumulators who possess the privileged commodities, gold and silver, particularly gold. The privilege which these commodities have is, that these alone may be used, or represented, as money. This privilege they obtain and maintain through GOVERNMENT, which is the tool whereby the superstitious belief of the people in the necessity of gold and silver as a means to exchange

other products is made to serve the interest of those who own gold and silver.

Whenever the great dealers in money perceive that the wheels of production are beginning to clog (in this case the special cause of the clogging was probably the cold spring and the continuance of high prices in food stuffs long after nature had made amends by bountiful crops); when they observe that enforced stoppage of mills and factories is imminent, they begin to lay their plans for "gathering in the sheaves." *They* call in the gold, *they* hoard, *they* ruin banks, business men, manufacturers, in order that they may pick up values cheap, and mortgage future production in the same old way by getting their tool, the Government, to go in debt to them in the people's name, and pay them interest out of the people's pocket. Thus we, who were not alive in the time of the civil war, were bound to a debt ere we were born, and have gone on paying for dead men's quarrels year after year; and so our unborn descendants are mortgaged now to pay for our stupidities.

Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Roosevelt have settled the difficulty in the time-honored way, by putting us in debt; and Mr. Morgan has released his gold till—the next time.

Men and women who work (when you are allowed to), whose purpose in life would of preference be to make good, honest, useful products, which shall go to build up life, and in return for which you desire to enjoy the like services of others, *there never can be any solution to the panic problem until you cease to produce for any employer's profit, and organize production for use only.* When you once understand that that is the real object of production, and set about organizing your efforts to that end, you will find yourself face to face with the Landlord, who prevents you from using the earth, the Lendlord who insists that you use his money to effect your exchanges, and the Machinery Lord, who insists that you shall not use his machines unless you turn over your finished product to him, after he has apportioned you a small part of their value. All three have behind them, as the basis of their claims, the Law, and to uphold the Law the policeman's club and revolver, and, if necessary, the whole military force. Were it not for these, you

would undoubtedly set to work in fields, mines, quarries, claybeds, etc., to produce the materials of food and shelter for yourselves; work over raw products in the factories with the aid of the machines, which without you to operate them must rust and spoil, into stuffs for making life convenient, comfortable, and beautiful; and exchange these with or without money, but certainly without a specially restricted money representing only one form of wealth. Until you do this, there is no hope of relief from your condition of dependence, which with each recurring crisis must certainly become worse and worse.

Yet it is equally sure that if you do resolve upon a general taking over of the sources of wealth; if some fine day you wish to walk into the mines and factories and set the wheels going for the purpose of producing goods for your own use, instead of for your employer, nothing is surer than that you will be met by the powers of government, and forbidden at the point of the bayonet to do so. If then you shall still believe that Government is a necessary and a righteous thing, you will quietly retire with Christian submission and face your deepening, irremediable misery, with the meek virtues of a slave. But if you see, as you should, that government is in that hour what it is now and always has been, in all its forms, an organization of armed force for the purpose of perpetuating slavery and maintaining slave-holders in their possessions, then you will assert your right to be free men:—to work the earth; to make use of the great machinery which social effort has created and which by social effort alone can be operated; to exchange the results of your work in any manner convenient to yourselves, whether directly or by means of notes issued by the producing group, representing the hours of labor expended thereon, or in any way you may find fair. Short of this, you cannot be free people. If you so declare yourselves in the face of governmental force, you may win your freedom as slaves have won their freedom until now.

Whether the winning shall come dear or cheap, will depend on how thoroughly the whole mass of the working people shall realize their condition and be penetrated with the desire for freedom. If the army, the militia, and

the police, composed in the main also of the poor, shall have been awakened to their own miserable situation, and have become sensible of the despicable "service" that they do as the watchdogs of Landlords, Bankers, and Employers, then when the day of the declaration of social freedom dawns, great numbers will go over to you and help you to maintain the Declaration of Independence; it is even possible that the disintegration of governmental force may be such as to give you a bloodless victory. But peaceful or otherwise, that victory must be won before there can be plenty, security, and liberty for man.

Individually you can do nothing to better and assure your circumstances so long as the present system continues, unless you do it by joining in the robbery of those who cannot do so. But acting in concert, animated by like spirit and full understanding, you may move directly and solidly towards it. Realizing that neither increase in wages nor decrease in hours of work are sufficient to make you free men, you will alter the present purposes of your unions. You will make them the nuclei for the producing groups of the future, their federative bodies the bureaus of exchange; their business will be to ascertain the kind and amount of needs, to supply those needs, to store, handle and distribute the goods. Meanwhile they are the rallying points in the existing struggle which will know no halt till freedom be conquered.

Fix your eyes on that, and move directly toward that. Never listen to any siren song about winning the powers of government first; government will make of your representative what it has made of every one else in its service, its hireling, its time-server. Delegate no powers to any one; take the earth and its wealth directly, yourselves, as soon as you are strong in will and unity.

TRUE "POLITICAL IMBECILITY"

By W. C. OWEN.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw is the author of an article, entitled "A Nation of Villagers," in the December issue of *Everybody's*. Partly because this article is being widely noticed, but mainly because it seems to me to contain so much of good and so much that is extremely ill, I think it should be analyzed in some journal where the analysis is likely to be read by those who are in earnest. Such an analysis should show us where we stand in this swirl of words that is called, for want of a better term, "The Social Question." Of course, most of us do not stand; we wobble feebly.

These are the points in Mr. Shaw's attack on the "political imbecility" of the United States with which, probably, most of us will agree:

(a) That America has never grasped, nor indeed wished to grasp, her basic affirmation of principles, the Declaration of Independence, by virtue of which she professes to guarantee to all within her borders equal opportunities to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

(b) That the Constitution, like all constitutions and schemes on paper, amounts to nothing.

(c) That, "although in no country in the world are private affairs more prudishly meddled with by State law, lynch law, and municipal by-law (Prohibition, blue laws, post office censorship, Anarchist criminal laws, Comstockism and the entire brood of suppression), America sacrifices her women to her profligacy and her children to her greed more impudently than any European tyranny does."

All which, strongly as it is put, can be demonstrated as a scientific fact by the statistics of child labor; the statistics of the percentage of labor's product absorbed by the employer; the comparative statistics of rent, which absorbs from both employer and employed; and, as the natural consequences of these, the statistics showing the continuous increase of deeds of violence, prostitution, insanity, and preventable accidents, traceable directly to the growing disregard of human life.

(c) That law is represented partly by lynching, partly by Pinkertons, and largely "by municipal employees

(police), armed with bludgeons and pistols, who will not allow the State laws and by-laws to be broken, if they can help it, unless they are bought off."

(d) That it is village ("hayseed") legislation to attempt to put the trusts in the stocks, because they occupy the impregnable position of conducting industries that are absolutely necessary to our existence, which industries we, being at present without capital and under the trifling disadvantage of finding all the natural resources of the country monopolized, cannot possibly ourselves conduct.

(e) That the attempt to keep out Anarchists and other "undesirables" by asking them if they are "undesirable," is a pretty good illustration of "political imbecility" run to its final seed.

(f) That the hope of the Socialists that capitalism will break down for want of markets, and that Socialism will step in and build on the ruins, is a very mad hope indeed, because capitalism is not in the smallest danger of any such break-down, and suffers much less from temporary crises than it did a century ago, when this discredited prophecy began to be bandied about.

(g) That Socialism is only possible where individualism is developed to the point at which the individual can see beyond himself, and works to perfect his city and his nation instead of to furnish his own house better than his neighbor's.

Under these subheads I believe that I have fairly summarized the gist of Mr. Shaw's criticism of conditions in this country, and a pretty picture it is for the self-respecting American patriot who has been swallowing guilelessly the repeated assurances that he belongs, not merely to the most prosperous, but also to the cleverest nation in the world. And the more that picture can be held up to him, the more clearly will he be forced to see, despite himself, that his vaunted political principles are given the lie direct by facts, and that his political power, when examined, is less than the flimsy shadow of an empty shell.

No country in the world is so prolific of laws for the suppression of vice, real and fancied, as is this, and in no other country in the world is vice, in all its most grewsome forms—murder, suicide, etc.—so threateningly on

the increase. No country in the world is so loud in its protestations of equality, and in none does the mailed hand of special privilege press with more remorseless weight. Or, to take a still broader view, if man is to be considered a rational being, whose affairs should be administered by an appeal to reason, in no country in the world is the voice of reason more remorselessly drowned by bigoted advocacy of force as a remedy than here, in these United States, in this twentieth century.

At this point, however, we part company with Mr. Shaw, who is not a believer in man as a rational being, able to and intended to manage his own affairs by that mutual agreement which implies an appeal to reason. On the contrary, he believes in managing people's affairs for them, which by no process of logic can be brought finally to anything else than an appeal to force. Naturally, therefore, we find him in this same article loud in his praises of

(h) Theodore Roosevelt, winner of the Nobel peace prize (!), Rough Rider, boomer of big armies and navies, Imperialist par excellence, centralizationist of the centralizationists, universal meddler, with governing fingers that itch unceasingly to thrust themselves into everybody's pie.

(i) Expounder of the doctrine that "Socialism is only possible as the consummation of successful capitalism, which, with all its horrors, will be adored by history as the pathfinder of Socialism"—as if a Weyerhauser were paving the way for that Individualism on which, as Shaw himself says, Socialism must be based, by gathering into his claws 32,000,000 acres of timber land, or a Standard Oil Company were aiding industrial emancipation by cornering the oil product of a continent! Such a view, which regards these monopolists as the future saviors of society, can be held logically by those alone who believe in the cataclysmic, or pile on the agony till revolt breaks out, theory—a theory that cannot be held by those who, like Mr. Shaw, believe in the ameliorating influence of and work for:—

(j) Municipal Socialism, including City Councils, with their interminable ordinances for the suppression of vice, the regulation of industry and the protection of the pauper by means of model homes, which he invariably

admires only from the outside. As to all of which I refer Mr. Shaw to Charles Edward Russell's conclusions on the actual good accomplished by the London county council, published also in *Everybody's;* or to Jack London's experiences, as chronicled in his "Children of the Abyss." For,

(k) What is to be seriously thought of a writer, who, writing with apparent seriousness on what is surely the most serious of subjects, and writing from what is probably the greatest aggregation of poverty that the world has ever seen—London—suggests as a remedy, "that the American cities should be managed from Europe by committees of capable Europeans, trained in municipal affairs in London, Berlin, Paris, etc." To which I may add, in passing, that the latest French government report shows an increase of lunacy in the ten years from 1897 to 1907 of 57 per cent.—an appalling and conclusive evidence of an internal corruption that the shin plasters of Municipal Socialism are entirely powerless to touch.

There is an aged gentleman in Russia—one Tolstoy—who has remarked that the rich will do everything in the world for the poor, except the one thing needful, viz.: get off their backs. He swims deep and, doubtless, creates less stir than the little fishes that vigorously flap their tails upon the surface. But he gets more solid food, and if we are ever to settle this food question of ours, we, too, must dive down deep, below the glitter of make-believe, to the actual sources of life.

Get rid, not of the individual Weyerhausers and Rockefellers, but of the barbarous institutions that grind out these monopolists; grasp, as Bernard Shaw truly says we have failed to grasp as yet, the principle of the Declaration of Independence, and create a popular heart-hunger for that elementary principle of justice which will accord to all equal opportunities. No other program is necessary. It spells Liberty, the mother of order, the order that arises spontaneously when free individuals freely manage their own affairs without interference by outside meddlers.

If Mr. Shaw, who loves to dramatize Roman history, had pointed his finger at America and said: "You are corrupt, and the proof of it is Tacitus' immortal saying,

'The more corrupt the State, the more the laws multiply' "—we might have applauded him, indeed. Anyhow, I, for one, cordially indorse the phrase, "political imbecility."

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WORKINGMEN

By JOHN FRANKLYN PHILLIPS.

Ever since I became interested in the radical movement I have heard the virtues of the proletariat extolled and their praises sung by every one who had abandoned the belief in the divine right of kings.

The workingmen! Ah, yes! they are going to free *us*, and give *us* liberty and justice. They are going to use their prerogative at the ballot box and vote in the emancipators of wage slavery. Yes, indeed, the workingmen!

This is what we are told they are going to do; but as a matter of fact, what do they do? I'll tell you: allow themselves to be slowly murdered by capitalism with its modern minotaur called government; worship uncrowned despots and support parasites; live in conditions so vile and degrading that nothing but death can blot out their depravity.

No, comrades, to be a workingman is not enough. It is not the proletariat, the producers, the people, the populace, the police, nor the politicians that stand for freedom. But we, the Lovers of Freedom, must woo her ourselves. We, the Socialists, Communists, Anarchists; we, the ungodly atheists, the unmoralists, the internationalists; we, the radicals who love earth and life and stand for physical, mental, individual and social evolution; we, the Children of the Future, who soar onward and upward to intellectual heights from which the rabble would precipitate itself to destruction; we, the revolutionists who march and fight, laugh and love under the emblem of unlimited possibility—the red, red banner.

THEY WHO MARRY DO ILL

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

(A lecture presenting the negative side of the question, whose positive was argued under the heading "They Who Marry Do Well," by Dr. Henrietta P. Westbrook; both lectures delivered before the Radical Liberal League, Philadelphia, April 28, 1907.)

LET me make myself understood on two points, now, so that when discussion arises later, words may not be wasted in considering things not in question:

First—How shall we measure doing well or doing ill;

Second—What I mean by marriage.

So much as I have been able to put together the pieces of the universe in my small head, there is no absolute right or wrong; there is only a relativity, depending upon the continuously though very slowly altering condition of a social race in respect to the rest of the world. Right and wrong are social conceptions: mind, I do not say *human* conceptions. The names "right" and "wrong," truly, are of human invention only; but the conception "right" and "wrong," dimly or clearly, has been wrought out with more or less effectiveness by all intelligent social beings. And the definition of Right, as sealed and approved by the successful conduct of social beings, is: That mode of behavior which best serves the growing need of that society.

As to what that need is, certainly it has been in the past, and for the most part is now indicated by the unconscious response of the structure (social or individual) to the pressure of its environment. Up till a few years since I believed with Huxley, Von Hartman, and my teacher, Lum, that it was wholly so determined; that consciousness might discern, and obey or oppose, but had no voice in deciding the course of social development: if it decided to oppose, it did so to its own ruin, not to the modification of the unconsciously determined ideal.

Of late years I have been approaching the conclusion

that consciousness has a continuously increasing part in the decision of social problems; that while it is still a minor voice, and must be for a long time to come, it is, nevertheless, the dawning power which threatens to overhurl old processes and old laws, and supplant them by other powers and other ideals. I know no more fascinating speculation than this, of the rôle of consciousness in present and future evolution. However, it is not our present speculation. I speak of it only because in determining what constitutes well-being at present, I shall maintain that the old ideal has been considerably modified by conscious reaction against the superfluities produced by unconscious striving towards a certain end.

The question now becomes: What is the growing ideal of human society, unconsciously indicated and consciously discerned and illuminated?

By all the readings of progress, this indication appears to be the *free individual;* a society whose economic, political, social, and sexual organization shall secure and constantly increase the scope of being to its several units; whose solidarity and continuity depend upon the free attraction of its component parts, and in no wise upon compulsory forms.

Unless we are agreed that this is the discernible goal of our present social striving, there is no hope that we shall agree in the rest of the argument. For it would be vastly easy to prove that if the maintenance of the old divisions of society into classes, each with specialized services to perform—the priesthood, the military, the wage earner, the capitalist, the domestic servant, the breeder, etc.—is in accord with the growing force of society, then marriage is the thing, and they who marry do well.

But this is the point at which I stand, and from which I shall measure well and ill-doing; viz.: that the aim of social striving now is the free individual, implying all the conditions necessary to that freedom.

Now the second thing: What shall we understand as marriage?

Some fifteen or eighteen years ago, when I had not been out of a convent long enough to forget its teachings, nor lived and experienced enough to work out my own definitions, I considered that marriage was "a sacra-

ment of the Church," or it was "a civil ceremony performed by the State," by which a man and a woman were united for life, or until the divorce court separated them. With all the energy of a neophyte freethinker, I attacked religious marriage as a piece of unwarranted interference on the part of the priest with the affairs of individuals, condemned the "until-death-do-us-part" promise as one of the immoralities which made a person a slave through all his future to his present feelings, and urged the miserable vulgarity of both the religious and civil ceremony, by which the intimate personal relations of two individuals are made topic of comment and jest by the public.

By all this I still hold. Nothing is more disgustingly vulgar to me than the so-called sacrament of marriage; outraging all delicacy with the trumpeting of private matters in the general ear. Need I recall, as an example, the unprinted and unprintable floating literature concerning the marriage of Alice Roosevelt, when the so-called "American princess" was targeted by every lewd jester in the country, because, forsooth, the whole world had to be informed of her forthcoming union with Mr. Longworth! But it is neither a religious nor a civil ceremony that I refer to now, when I say that "those who marry do ill." The ceremony is only a form, a ghost, a meatless shell. By marriage I mean the real thing, the permanent relation of a man and a woman, sexual and economical, whereby the present home and family life is maintained. It is of no importance to me whether this is a polygamous, polyandric, or monogamous marriage, nor whether it was blessed by a priest, permitted by a magistrate, contracted publicly or privately, or not contracted at all. It is the permanent dependent relationship which, I affirm, is detrimental to the growth of individual character, and to which I am unequivocally opposed. Now my opponents know where to find me.

In the old days to which I have alluded, I contended, warmly and sincerely, for the exclusive union of one man and one woman as long as they were held together by love, and for the dissolution of the arrangement upon desire of either. We talked in those days most enthusiastically about the bond of love, and it only. Nowadays I would say that I prefer to see a marriage based purely on

business considerations, than a marriage based on love. That is not because I am in the least concerned for the success of the marriage, but because I am concerned with the success of love. And I believe that the easiest, surest and most applicable method of killing love is marriage—marriage as I have defined it. I believe that the only way to preserve love in anything like the ecstatic condition which renders it worthy of a distinctive name—otherwise it is either lust or simply friendship—is to maintain the distances. Never allow love to be vulgarized by the common indecencies of continuous close communion. Better be in familiar contempt of your enemy than of the one you love.

I presume that some who are unacquainted with my opposition to legal and social forms, are ready to exclaim: "Do you want to do away with the relation of the sexes altogether, and cover the earth with monks and nuns?" By no means. While I am not over and above anxious about the repopulation of the earth, and should not shed any tears if I knew that the last man had already been born, I am not advocating sexual total abstinence. If the advocates of marriage had merely to prove a case against complete sexual continence, their task would be easy. The statistics of insanity, and in general of all manner of aberrations, would alone constitute a big item in the charge. No: I do not believe that the highest human being is the unsexed one, or the one who extirpates his passions by violence, whether religious or scientific violence. I would have people regard all their normal instincts in a normal way, neither gluttonizing nor starving them, neither exalting them beyond their true service nor denouncing them as servitors of evil, both of which mankind are wont to do in considering the sexual passion. In short, I would have men and women so arrange their lives that they shall always, at all times, be free beings in this regard as in all others. The limit of abstinence or indulgence can be fixed by the individual alone, what is normal for one being excess for another, and what is excess at one period of life being normal at another. And as to the effects of such normal gratification of normal appetite upon population, I would have them consciously controlled, as they can be, are to some extent now, and will be more and more through the progress of

knowledge. The birth-rate of France and of native Americans gives evidence of such conscious control.

"But," say the advocates of marriage, "what is there in marriage to interfere with the free development of the individual? What does the free development of the individual mean, if not the expression of manhood and womanhood? And what is more essential to either than parentage and the rearing of young? And is not the fact that the latter requires a period of from fifteen to twenty years, the essential need which determines the permanent home?" It is the scientific advocate of marriage that talks this way. The religious man bases his talk on the will of God, or some other such metaphysical matter. I do not concern myself with him; I concern myself only with those who contend that as Man is the latest link in evolution, the same racial necessities which determine the social and sexual relations of allied races will be found shaping and determining these relations in Man; and that, as we find among the higher animals that the period of rearing the young to the point of caring for themselves usually determines the period of conjugality, it must be concluded that the greater attainments of Man, which have so greatly lengthened the educational period of youth, must likewise have fixed the permanent family relation as the ideal condition for humanity. This is but the conscious extension of what unconscious, or perhaps semi-conscious adaptation, had already determined in the higher animals, and in savage races to an extent. If people are reasonable, sensible, self-controlled (as to other people they will keep themselves in trouble anyway, no matter how things are arranged), does not the marriage state secure this great fundamental purpose of the primal social function, which is at the same time an imperative demand of individual development, better than any other arrangement? With all its failures, is it not the best that has been tried, or with our present light has been conceived?

In endeavoring to prove the opposite of this contention, I shall not go to the failures to prove my point. It is not my purpose to show that a vast number of marriages do not succeed; the divorce court records do that. But as one swallow doesn't make a summer, nor a flock of swallows either, so divorces do not prove that marriage in itself is a bad thing, only that a goodly number of indi-

viduals make mistakes. This is, indeed, an unanswerable argument against the indissolubility of marriage, but none against marriage itself. I will go to the successful marriages—the marriages in which whatever the friction, man and wife have spent a great deal of agreeable time together; in which the family has been provided for by honest work decently paid (as the wage-system goes), of the father, and preserved within the home by the saving labor and attention of the mother; the children given a reasonable education and started in life on their own account, and the old folks left to finish up life together, each resting secure in the knowledge that he has a tried friend until death severs the bond. This, I conceive, is the best form that marriage can present, and I opine it is oftener dreamed of than realized. But sometimes it is realized. Yet from the viewpoint that the object of life should be the development of individuality, such have lived less successfully than many who may not have lived so happily.

And to the first great point—the point that physical parentage is one of the fundamental necessities of self-expression: here, I think, is where the factor of consciousness is in process of overturning the methods of life. Life, working unconsciously, blindly sought to preserve itself by generation, by manifold generation. The mind is simply staggered at the productivity of a single stalk of wheat, or of a fish, or of a queen bee, or of a man. One is smitten by the appalling waste of generative effort; numbed with helpless pity for the little things, the infinitude of little lives, that must come forth and suffer and die of starvation, of exposure, as a prey to other creatures, and all to no end but that out of the multitude a few may survive and continue the type! Man, at war with Nature and not yet master of the situation, obeyed the same instinct, and by prolific parentage maintained his war. To the Hebrew patriarch as to the American pioneer, a large family meant strength, the wealth of brawn and sinew to continue the conquest of forest and field. It was the only resource against annihilation. Therefore, the instinct towards physical creation was one of the most imperative determinants of action.

Now the law of all instinct is, that it survives long after the necessity which created it has ceased to exist, and

acts mischievously. The usual method of reckoning with such a survival is that since such and such a thing exists, it is an essential part of the structure, not obliged to account for itself and bound to be gratified. I am perfectly certain, however, that the more conscious consciousness becomes, or in other words, the more we become aware of the conditions of life and our relations therein, their new demands and the best way of fulfilling them, the more speedily will instincts no longer demanded be dissolved from the structure.

How stands the war upon Nature now? Why, so,—that short of a planetary catastrophe, we are certain of the conquest. And what is perfecting the conquest? Consciousness! The alert brain! The dominant will! Invention, discovery, mastery of hidden forces. We are no longer compelled to use the blind method of limitless propagation to equip the race with hunters and trappers and fishers and sheep-keepers and soil-tillers and breeders. Therefore, the original necessity which gave rise to the instinct of prolific parentage is gone; the instinct itself is bound to die, and is dying, but will die the faster as men grasp more and more the whole situation. In proportion as the parenthood of the brain becomes more and more prolific, as ideas spread, multiply, and conquer, the necessity for great physical production declines. This is my first contention. Hence the development of individuality does no longer *necessarily* imply numerous children, nor indeed, *necessarily* any children at all. That is not to say that no one will want children, nor to prophesy race suicide. It is simply to say that there will be fewer born, with better chances of surviving, developing, and achieving. Indeed, with all its clash of tendencies, the consciousness of our present society is having this driven home to it.

Supposing that the majority will still desire, or let me go further and say *do* still desire, this limited parentage, the question now becomes: Is this the overshadowing need in the development of the individual, or are there other needs equally imperative? If there are other needs equally imperative, must not these be taken equally into account in deciding the best manner of conducting one's life? If there are not other needs equally imperative, is it not still an open question whether the married state

is the best means of securing it? In answering these questions, I think it will again be safe to separate into a majority and a minority. There will be a minority to whom the rearing of children will be the great dominant necessity of their being, and a majority to whom this will be one of their necessities. Now what are the other necessities? The other physical and mental appetites! The desire for food and raiment and housing after the individual's own taste; the desire for sexual association, not for reproduction; the artistic desires; the desire to know, with its thousand ramifications, which may carry the soul from the depths of the concrete to the heights of the abstract; the desire to do, that is, to imprint one's will upon the social structure, whether as a mechanical contriver, a force harnesser, a social rebuilder, a combiner, a dream translator—whatever may be the particular mode of the personal organization.

The necessity for food, shelter, and raiment, it should at all times lie within the individual's power to furnish for himself. But the method of home-keeping is such that after the relation has been maintained for a few years, the interdependence of one on the other has become so great that each is somewhat helpless when circumstance destroys the combination, the man less so, and the woman wretchedly so. She has done one thing in a secluded sphere, and while she may have learned to do that thing well (which is not certain, the method of training is not at all satisfactory), it is not a thing which has equipped her with the confidence necessary to go about making an independent living. She is timid above all, incompetent to deal with the conditions of struggle. The world of production has swept past her; she knows nothing of it. On the other hand, what sort of an occupation is it for her to take domestic service under some other woman's rule? The conditions and pay of domestic service are such that every independent spirit would prefer to slave in a factory, where at least the slavery ends with the working hours. As for men, only a few days since a staunch free unionist told me, apparently without shame, that were it not for his wife he would be a tramp and a drunkard, simply because he is unable to keep a home; and in his eyes the chief merit of the arrangement is that his stomach is properly cared for. This is

a degree of a helplessness which I should have thought he would have shrunk from admitting, but is nevertheless probably true. Now this is one of the greatest objections to the married condition, as it is to any other condition which produces like results. In choosing one's economic position in society, one should always bear in mind that it should be such as should leave the individual uncrippled —an all-around person, with both productive and preservative capacities, a being pivoted within.

Concerning the sexual appetite, irrespective of reproduction, the advocates of marriage claim, and with some reason, that it tends to preserve normal appetite and satisfaction, and is both a physical and moral safeguard against excesses, with their attendant results, disease. That it does not do so entirely, we have ample and painful proof continuously before our eyes. As to what it may accomplish, it is almost impossible to find out the truth; for religious asceticism has so built the feeling of shame into the human mind, on the subject of sex, that the first instinct, when it is brought under discussion, seems to be to lie about it. This is especially the case with women. The majority of women usually wish to create the impression that they are devoid of sexual desires, and think they have paid the highest compliment to themselves when they say, "Personally, I am very cold; I have never experienced such attraction." Sometimes this is true; but oftener it is a lie—a lie born of centuries of the pernicious teaching of the Church. A roundly developed person will understand that she pays no honor to herself by denying herself fulness of being, whether to herself or of herself; though, without doubt, where such a deficiency really exists, it may give room for an extra growth of some other qualities, perhaps of higher value. In general, however, notwithstanding women's lies, there is no such deficiency. In general, young, healthy beings of both sexes desire such relations. What then? Is marriage the best answer to the need? Suppose they marry, say at twenty years, or thereabout, which will be admitted as the time when sexual appetite is usually most active: the consequence is (I am just now leaving children out of account) that the two are thrown too much and too constantly in contact, and speedily exhaust the delight of each other's presence. Then irrita-

tions begin. The familiarities of life in common breed contempt. What was once a rare joy becomes a matter of course, and loses all its delicacy. Very often it becomes a physical torture to one (usually the woman), while it still retains some pleasure to the other, for the reason that bodies, like souls, do most seldom, almost never, parallel each other's development. And this lack of parallelism is the greatest argument to be produced against marriage. No matter how perfectly adapted to each other two people may be at any given time, it is not the slightest evidence that they will continue to be so. And no period of life is more deceptive as to what future development may be than the age I have just been speaking of, the age when physical desires and attractions being strongest, they obscure or hold in abeyance the other elements of being.

The terrible tragedies of sexual antipathy, mostly for shame's sake, will never be revealed. But they have filled the earth with murder. And even in those homes where harmony has been maintained, and all is apparently peaceful, it is mainly so through the resignation and self-suppression of either the man or the woman. One has consented to be largely effaced, for the preservation of the family and social respect.

But awful as these things are, these physical degradations, they are not so terrible as the ruined souls. When the period of physical predominence is past, and soul-tendencies begin more and more strongly to assert themselves, how dreadful is the recognition that one is bound by the duties of common parentage and the necessities of home-keeping to remain in the constant company of one from whom one finds oneself going farther away in thought every day.—"Not a day," exclaim the advocates of "free unions." I find such exclamation worse folly than the talk of "holy matrimony" believers. The bonds are there, the bonds of life in common, the love of the home built by joint labor, the habit of association and dependence; they are very real chains, binding both, and not to be thrown off lightly. Not in a day nor a month, but only after long hesitation, struggle, and grievous, grievous pain, can the wrench of separation come. Oftener it does not come at all.

A chapter from the lives of two men recently deceased

will illustrate my meaning. Ernest Crosby, wedded, and I presume happily, to a lady of conservative thought and feeling, himself then conservative, came into his soul's own at the age of thirty-eight, while occupying the position of Judge of the International Court at Cairo. From then on, the whole radical world knows Ernest Crosby's work. Yet what a position was his, compelled by honor to continue the functions of a social life which he disliked! To quote the words of his friend, Leonard Abbott, "a prisoner in his palatial home, waited on by servants and lackeys. Yet to the end he remained enslaved by his possessions." Had Crosby not been bound, had not union and family relations with one who holds very different views of life in faith and honor held him, should we not have had a different life-sum? Like his great teacher, Tolstoi, likewise made absurd, his life contradicted by his works, because of his union with a woman who has not developed along parallel lines.

The second case, Hugh O. Pentecost. From the year 1887 on, whatever were his special tendencies, Pentecost was in the main a sympathizer with the struggle of labor, an opposer of oppression, persecution and prosecution in all forms. Yet through the influence of his family relations, because he felt in honor bound to provide greater material comfort and a better standing in society than the position of a radical speaker could give, he consented at one time to be the puppet of those he had most strenuously condemned, to become a district attorney, a prosecutor. And worse than that, to paint himself as a misled baby for having done the best act of his life, to protest against the execution of the Chicago Anarchists. That this influence was brought to bear upon him, I know from his own lips; a repetition, in a small way, of the treason of Benedict Arnold, who for his Tory wife's sake laid everlasting infamy upon himself. I do not say there was no self-excusing in this, no Eve-did-tempt-me taint, but surely it had its influence. I speak of these two men because these instances are well known; but everyone knows of such instances among more obscure persons, and often where the woman is the one whose higher nature is degraded by the bond between herself and her husband.

And this is one side of the story. What of the other side? What of the conservative one who finds himself

bound to one who outrages every principle of his or hers? People will not, and cannot, think and feel the same at the same moments, throughout any considerable period of life; and therefore, their moments of union should be rare and of no binding nature.

I return to the subject of children. Since this also is a normal desire, can it not be gratified without the sacrifice of individual freedom required by marriage? I see no reason why it cannot. I believe that children may be as well brought up in an individual home, or in a communal home, as in a dual home; and that impressions of life will be far pleasanter if received in an atmosphere of freedom and independent strength than in an atmosphere of secret repression and discontent. I have no very satisfactory solutions to offer to the various questions presented by the child-problem; but neither have the advocates of marriage. Certain to me it is, that no one of the demands of life should ever be answered in a manner to preclude future free development. I have seen no great success from the old method of raising children under the indissoluble marriage yoke of the parents. (Our conservative parents no doubt consider their radical children great failures, though it probably does not occur to them that their system is in any way at fault.) Neither have I observed a gain in the child of the free union. Neither have I observed that the individually raised child is any more likely to be a success or a failure. Up to the present, no one has given a scientific answer to the child-problem. Those papers which make a specialty of it, such as *Lucifer,* are full of guesses and theories and suggested experiments; but no infallible principles for the guidance of intentional or actual parents have as yet been worked out. Therefore, I see no reason why the rest of life should be sacrificed to an uncertainty.

That love and respect may last, I would have unions rare and impermanent. That life may grow, I would have men and women remain separate personalities. Have no common possessions with your lover more than you might freely have with one not your lover. Because I believe that marriage stales love, brings respect into contempt, outrages all the privacies and limits the growth of both parties, I believe that "they who marry do ill."

TOO LITTLE JOY

By LILLIAN BROWNE-THAYER.

"Since man came into existence he hath had too little joy."—Nietzsche.

HOW the moments of unalloyed joy stand out in our lives! We recount them, as a nun her beads, with ecstatic rapture:—that solitary walk on the sea-beach in the early dawn, when we felt free—free as the sea bird is free—and glad of life, with a wild elemental gladness; that day on the mountain summit when the fierce winds blew and the perilous precipice lured us to its sheer ridge, where we stood silent and long gazing unafraid into the face of eternity; that night at the opera when Gadski carried us off on the wings of melody, and we were oblivious to all save the concord of sweet sounds; that golden day when we sat together in the sunlight and for the first time knew the terrible glory and the sweet, sweet flower of passionate love, when our lips clung in tender passionate kisses and our hearts made music with their fierce and fluttering pulsings.

How short is the span of a human life, and how few and fleeting its joys! Oh, wise are we if we heed old Omar's counsel, and drink deep while we may from the golden chalice of joy.

"Too little joy" is the cry that rises from all humanity's lips. Man longs for joy. He reaches out and eagerly grasps in his feverish desire this and that semblance, and empty bubbles burst in his nerveless fingers—the bubble of wealth, the bubble of fame, the bubble of social approbation. O the poor rich men with their cold empty hearts! The foolish egoist hungry for applause! And the little human creatures crawling and craving social recognition, daring nothing, offending nobody with an original thought or a live personal act, defying no social lies, ever complacent, ever proper and respectable. Living corpses, what do these creatures know of *life,* of *joy?*

And those at the bottom. Who says they do not thirst for joy? Theirs is not the insistent, maddening hunger that demands immediate satisfaction, but that dull quiet gnawing that for years has fed on husks, that fatal thirst

that drinks the bitter dregs of life and knows no hope of better things.

Man seems possessed of the idea that there is not enough joy to go around. He greedily seeks to hoard up for himself a future store of joy and, though it cost his brother's life, he busily hoards and hoards. And, all the while he is depriving his fellows of possible enjoyments, he finds no joy for himself. His cherished hoard proves a useless rubbish heap.

Man has not yet learned that joy is a more elusive and subtile mystery than the science of mathematics, that joy comes unsought to the sincere and loving soul, that joy is a flower that bursts into life where the soil is rich and ready for planting, that joy is a gift of the gods bestowed with lavish hand upon those who can live simple, natural lives.

In the myths and legends of the early peoples we catch an echo of a time long gone—a time of joy upon the earth. In that birthday of the nations men loved and enjoyed. *They rejoiced in each other's joy!* Civilization has brutalized men, has turned love into lust, joy into greed, and has made of life a hollow mockery. Fear and distrust have taken their places in men's hearts, where once love and confidence dwelt. So distorted has man's vision become, so perverted his emotions, that, instead of love feasts and rejoicings, the joy-filled soul is met with indifference, jealousy, criticism, and condemnation from his fellows. He is regarded with suspicion and distrust. His joy is pulled to pieces, torn to shreds by his companions. They will not trust its genuineness.

But a soul arises great enough to share our joy. At once (such is the undying hope in the human breast) our faith in human greatness rekindles into life. We dream again of a time of joy upon the earth.

THE BASIS OF TRADE UNIONISM

By EMILE POUGET.

Member of the French General Confederation of Labor.

DEFINITION OF TRADE UNIONISM.

OF late the term "Trade Unionism" has a more far-reaching meaning than it used to have. The term continues to qualify "members of a trade union organization." Besides this nebulous and colorless definition, which, by stretching a point, might be a label for "Yellow" as well as for "Red" trade unions, the term has acquired a new and very precise meaning.

The term "Trade Unionism" has become a comprehensive term: the impulsive power of conscious workers towards progress. The workers who invoke this epithet have thrown aside unsound and deceptive notions, and are convinced that improvements, be they partial or extreme, can only result from popular force and will. On the ruins of their former sheeplike hopes and superstitious beliefs in miracles to be expected from State Providence as well as from Divine Providence, they have elaborated a healthy, truly human doctrine whose basis is explained and proved by social phenomena.

The Trade Unionist is evidently a partisan of grouping workers by means of trade unions, only he does not conceive a trade union as an agent for narrowing his horizon to such a point that his sphere of action is restricted to daily debates and wrangles with his employers; and although at present he strives to get minor grievances redressed, he never puts aside the evils arising from the exploitation of the workers. Neither does he conceive the trade union to be, as some politicians do, an "elementary school of Socialism," where men are recruited and trained to be aggressive fighters in a cause they consider efficacious—the conquest of governmental power.

For the Trade Unionist, the trade union is a perfect combination answering to all needs, to all aspirations, and therefore sufficient for all purposes. It is an association conceived by "reformers" affording opportunity for daily conflict with employers, for improvements, and for settling minor claims.

But it is not only this; it is a combination capable of bringing about the expropriation of capital and the reorganization of society, which some Socialists, who are deceived by their confidence in the "State," believe will be brought about by the seizure of political power.

Therefore, for the Trade Unionist the trade union is not a transient association, only suited to the needs of the hour, and whose usefulness could not be conceived apart from its present surroundings. For him the trade union is an initial and essential combination; it should arise spontaneously, independently of all preconceived theories, and develop in any surroundings.

In fact, what more reasonable than for the exploited of the same trade to come together, to agree to unite in defence of common advantages that are to be gained immediately?

On the other hand, supposing society to have been annihilated and a Communist or any other society to have blossomed forth on its ruins, it is evident that in these circumstances, in these new surroundings, the need of associations, bringing men employed in identical or similar work and duties in contact with one another, will be most urgent.

Thus the trade union, the corporate body, appears to be the organic cell of all society. At present, for the Trade Unionist the trade union is an organism of conflict and claim of worker against employer. In the future it will be the base on which normal society will be built, when freed from exploitation and oppression.

THE WORKING CLASS BATTLES OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

The conception of the forerunners of Trade Unionism is not the result of a hypothetical system sprung from some brain and not justified by practical tests; on the contrary, it proceeds from the examination of historical events and of their clear interpretation. We may say that it is the result of a whole century of conflict between the working classes and the middle classes.

During the whole of the nineteenth century the proletariat strove to separate its movement from that of the purely political action of middle class parties. This was indeed a great effort, for the middle class wanting to govern without hindrance, the assent or indifference of

the proletariat was necessary, and politicians exerted themselves, not only to fight and massacre proletarians when they rose against their exploiters, but also to make them tractable by a sham education, designed to turn them from the examination of economic questions, and to cause their energy to drift towards the deceptive hope of democracy.

We cannot make it too clear that the autonomous working class movement has been, and is still, obstructed by all the forces of obscurantism and reaction, and also by the democratic forces that are, but under new and hypocritical disguises, the continuation of old societies in which a handful of parasites are maintained in plenty by the forced labor of plebeians.

The middle classes, through the State, whose function, independently of its form, consists in protecting capitalist privileges, have applied themselves to stifling and deviating working class aspirations. Thus, during attempts at emancipation proletarians have been compelled to realize that the governments they were subjected to were all alike, no matter by what name they were labelled. They passed from one rule to another without deriving any result from change of scenery, mentioned by history as of great importance. All governments treated them with animosity and ill-will. When they obtained from their rulers a mitigation of their wretched fate, they owed it, not to feelings of justice or pity, but to the wholesome fear they were able to inspire. To government initiative they are indebted for Draconian legislation, arbitrary measures, and savage reprisals.

Antagonism between the State and the working classes predominates the whole of the nineteenth century. We see it most plainly when we observe that governments, by way of throwing their enemies a bone to gnaw, have readily conceded political rights to the people, while they have shown themselves intractable as far as regards economic liberties. In the latter case they have only given way to popular pressure.

This difference of behavior on the part of the rulers is easily explained. Recognition of political rights to the people does the governments no harm, as these baubles do not imperil the principle of authority and do not undermine the proletarian base of society.

It is another story when economic liberties are in question. These are of real advantage to the people, and can only be acquired at the expense of the privileged. It is therefore evident that the State, the upholder of capitalism, refuses to the last to grant a particle of economic improvement.

The demonstration of this permanent conflict of the working class with the State would lead us into writing a martyrology of the proletariat. To prove the truth and constancy of this antagonism a few historical landmarks will suffice.

Less than two years after the taking of the Bastille (June, 1791) the bourgeoisie, by its mouthpiece, the Constituent Assembly, despoiled the working classes of their right to form associations,* a right they had just obtained by revolutionary means.

The workers believed the Revolution to be the dawn of economic freedom. They thought that burning the gates of Paris where town-dues were collected (June 12, 1789) would destroy all barriers. Let us add that, two days after the burning of the gates of Paris, the Bastille was taken by assault, not because it was a political prison, but because it was a danger to rebellious Paris, as was the Mont Valérien in 1871.

Workers taken in by the enthusiastic strains of pamphleteers thought themselves freed from the trammels of the ancient régime, and began to come to an understanding with one another and to group themselves in order to resist exploitation. They formulated precise claims. The bourgeoisie soon proved to them that the Revolution was only *political* and not *economic*. It elaborated repressive laws, and as the workers lacked knowledge and experience, as their agitation was confused and still incoherent, it was not hard for the government to check this movement.

We should be mistaken in supposing that the "Chapelier" law was expedient, and that those who voted for it ignored its effect on social life. To make us swallow this fanciful interpretation, we are told that Revolutionists of that period raised no protest against it. Their silence only shows that they ignored the social aspect of

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* La loi Chapelier, passed on June 17, 1791.

the Revolution they took part in, and that they were only pure *Democrats*. Moreover there is nothing astonishing in their great want of foresight, as even to-day we see men pretending to be Socialists who are also merely simple *Democrats*.

As a proof that the Parliamentarians of 1791 knew what they were about, some months later, in September, 1791, the Constituent Assembly strengthened the "Chapelier" law prohibiting combinations among industrial workers, by enacting another law that made associations of agricultural laborers illegal.

The Constituent was not the only Assembly that manifested its hatred of the working classes. All Assemblies that followed strove to tighten the bonds enslaving the worker to his employer. More than this, seeing that passing laws trying to make it impossible for workmen to discuss and defend their interests was insufficient, bourgeois Assemblies contrived to aggravate the wretched position of proletarians by putting them under absolute police control.

The convention did not prove more sympathetic to the working classes. In the month of Nivose of the year II it legislated "against coalition of workmen, employed in different trades, who, by writing or by emissaries, incite to the cessation of work." This behavior of the convention, the revolutionarism of which meets with so much praise, clearly proves that political opinions have nothing to do with economic interests. A still better proof is, that in spite of changes in governmental forms, starting from the Democracy of the convention, the Autocracy of Napoleon I., the Monarchy of Charles X., to the Constitutionalism of Louis Philippe, never were the severity of the laws against workmen mitigated.

Under the Consulate, in the year XI (= 1803), a new link to the slaves' chain was forged—the *Certificate Book*, which made the working men a class of specially registered individuals. Then, with their vile and crafty legal procedure, and their lawyers who elaborated the code we still suffer from, rulers tied down and gagged the proletariat so well that Louis XVIII. and Charles X., heirs to this baggage, did not need to increase it.

Nevertheless, in spite of severe legislative prohibitions, the workers came to an understanding, grouped them-

selves under mild forms, such as "mutualities," and constituted embryo trade unions for organizing resistance. The combinations grew to such an extent that strikes multiplied, and the Liberal government of Louis Philippe inflicted greater penalties against associations (1834). But the impetus had been given! This recrudescence of legal severity did not stay the movement of the workers. In spite of the law, the *Sociétés de Résistance* multiplied, and were followed by a period of growing agitation and numerous strikes.

The Revolution of 1848 was the result of this movement. A proof of the economic scope of this Revolution is that economic questions took precedence of all others. Unfortunately, the corporate groups needed experience. The urban workers ignored the peasants, and *vice versa.* Thus in 1848 the peasants did not stir, not understanding the working class movement; likewise in 1852 the town workers understood nothing of the peasants' attempt at an insurrection. In spite of these failures, and there were many others, all improvements obtained were due to working class energy. It was the will of the workers that was expressed in the Luxembourg Commission and was legally registered by the Provisional government.

In the first hours of the Revolution the frightened middle classes showed themselves conciliatory, and to save capitalism were disposed to sacrifice a few trifling privileges. They were, however, soon reassured, by the inoculation of the people with political virus—universal suffrage—as much as by inconstancy on the part of the corporate organizations, and their ferocity became as great as had been their fear. The massacres of June, 1848, were for the middle classes a first instalment of satisfaction. Soon after, in 1849, the representatives of the people, proving themselves simply the representatives of the middle classes, legislated against associations. They were prohibited, and their members subjected to penalties decreed in the law of 1810.

As the reaction of Louis Philippe failed to check the working class movement, so did the Republican and Napoleonic governments fail. Without troubling themselves about the form of government, or with the prohibition to combine, the corporate groups continued

to develop in numbers and in strength, so much so that by their pressure on public authorities they wrung from the government legal sanction for the ameliorations and liberties they had forcibly acquired, thanks to their revolutionary vigor.

It was by what we now call *direct action* that the right of combination was wrung from Caesarism in 1864. The workers of all associations grouped themselves, combined and went on strike without taking the least heed of the law. Beyond all others, the printers distinguished themselves by their revolutionary character, and in Paris (1862) one of their strikes was the determining event that brought about the recognition of the right to combine. The government, blind like all others, thought to kill the agitation by striking a great blow. Wholesale arrests took place. All the members of the strike committee were imprisoned, as well as the most active among the strikers.

This arbitrary abuse of power, far from terrorizing, overexcited public opinion, and such a current of indignation resulted therefrom that the government was compelled to capitulate and to recognize the workers' right to combination. This was due only to *pressure from without*. It would be difficult to ascribe this success to Socialist Deputies, for the excellent reason that there were none in Parliament.

The conquest of the right to combine so stimulated trade union organization, it grew so rapidly irresistible, that the State was compelled to put a good face on a bad matter. In 1863 trade union liberty was recognized by an Imperial circular, which said: "As to the organization of working class associations, the administration must leave to those interested in them full liberty."

Meanwhile the International Association of Workers, definitively constituted in 1864, after several earlier fruitless attempts, shed its rays on western Europe and opened up new horizons to the working class, horizons that were to be obscured by the great crisis of 1871.

Let us now stop so as not to be lured on too far by this retrospective summary, and let us draw logical conclusions from it.

From the landmarks of history that we have men-

tioned it follows that at the dawn of the present régime, in 1791, the government, as defender of the privileges of the middle classes, denied and refused all economic rights to working men, and ground them down till they were like particles of dust, having no cohesion one with another, so that they were at the mercy of exploitation.

Later on the workers emerged from chaos, in which the middle class would like to keep them. They grouped themselves on economic ground apart from any politics. The government, whatever name it is labelled with, tries to arrest the proletarian movement, and, not succeeding, makes up its mind to sanction the improvements or liberties obtained by the workers. The most salient point in all these agitations and these social shocks is that exploited and exploiters, governors and governed, have interests, not only *distinct*, but opposed; and that there is between them a *class war* in the true sense of the term.

In the short summary given we see the drift of the trade union movement, untrammeled by parliamentary contamination, and the wisdom of working men's associations on solid economic ground, which is the base of all true progress.—*Freedom*, London.

OPTIMISM

By M. A. P.

The luxuriant mountain stood, pinnacled by the sky. A pine tree, harassed by wind and storm, like all other pine trees, bitterly addressed its mother-mountain:

"I'm an unfortunate pine tree. Year after year the snows and the rains beat down upon me, my bark is weather-seamed, my branches gnarled and strained—I'm not good to look at, like the hemlocks by my side. Oh, how unhappy and helpless I am! What is the use of it all!"

But the furtile mountain smiled:

"'The use'?" it said; "being here, breathing this free air. These other trees have like vicissitudes. You can make yourself as great as they. The snow melts in the Spring, your bark can grow beautiful and your needles strong and green and plentiful. Oh, do you not see!—you have *life*, and *yourself*, and this mountain on which you grow!"

THE REWARD OF AN APOSTATE

I HAVE sinned: and I am rewarded according to my sin, which was great. There is no forgiveness for me; let no man think there is forgiveness for sin; the gods cannot forgive.

This was my sin, and this is my punishment, that I forsook my god to follow a stranger—only a while, a very brief, brief while—and when I would have returned there was no more returning. I cannot worship any more,—that is my punishment; I cannot worship any more.

Oh, that my god will none of me? that is an old sorrow! My god was Beauty, and I am all unbeautiful, and ever was. There is no grace in these harsh limbs of mine, nor was at any time. I, to whom the glory of a lit eye was as the shining of stars in a deep well, have only dull and faded eyes, and always had; the chiseled lip and chin wherever runs the radiance of life in bubbling gleams, the cup of living wine was never mine to taste or kiss. I am earth-colored, and for my own ugliness sit in the shadow, that the sunlight may not see me, nor the beloved of my god. But, once, in my hidden corner, behind the curtain of shadows, I blinked at the glory of the world, and had such joy of it as only the ugly know, sitting silent and worshiping, forgetting themselves and forgotten. Here in my brain it glowed, the shimmering of the dying sun upon the shore, the long gold line between the sand and sea, where the sliding foam caught fire and burned to death. Here in my brain it shone, the white moon on the wrinkling river, running away, a dancing ghost line in the illimitable night. Here in my brain rose the mountain curves, the great still world of stone, summit upon summit sweeping skyward, lonely and conquering. Here in my brain, my little brain, behind this tiny ugly wall of bone stretched over with its dirty yellow skin, glittered the far high blue desert with its sand of stars, as I have watched it, nights and nights, alone, hid in the shadows of the prairie grass. Here rolled and swelled the seas of corn, and blossoming fields of nodding bloom; and flower-flies on their hovering wings went flickering up and down. And the quick spring of lithe-limbed things

went scattering dew across the sun; and singing streams went shining down the rocks, spreading bright veils upon the crags.

Here in my brain, my silent unrevealing brain, were the eyes I loved, the lips I dared not kiss, the sculptured heads and tendriled hair. They were here always in my wonder-house, my house of Beauty, the temple of my god. I shut the door on common life and worshiped here. And no bright, living, flying thing, in whose body Beauty dwells as guest, can guess the ecstatic joy of a brown, silent creature, a toad-thing, squatting on the shadowed ground, self-blotted, motionless, thrilling with the presence of All-Beauty, though it has no part therein.

But the gods are many. And once a strange god came to me. Sharp upon the shadowy ground he stood, and beckoned me with knotted fingers. There was no beauty in his lean figure and sunken cheeks; but up and down the muscles ran like snakes beneath his skin, and his dark eyes had somber fires in them. And as I looked at him, I felt the leap of prisoned forces in myself, in the earth, in the air, in the sun; all throbbed with the pulse of the wild god's heart. Beauty vanished from my wonder-house; and where his images had been I heard the clang and roar of machinery, the forging of links that stretched to the sun, chains for the tides, chains for the winds; and curious lights went shining through thick walls as through air, and down through the shell of the world itself, to the great furnaces within. Into those seething depths, the god's eyes peered, smiling and triumphing; then with an up-glance at the sky and a waste-glance at me, he strode off.

This is my great sin, for which there is no pardon: I followed him, the rude god Energy; followed him, and in that abandoned moment swore to be quit of Beauty, which had given me nothing, and to be worshiper of him to whom I was akin, ugly but sinuous, resolute, daring, defiant, maker and breaker of things, remoulder of the world. I followed him, I would have run abreast with him, I loved him, not with that still ecstasy of flooding joy wherewith my own god filled me of old, but with impetuous, eager fires, that burned and beat through all the blood-threads of me. "I love you, love me back," I cried, and would have flung myself upon

his neck. Then he turned on me with a ruthless blow, and fled away over the world, leaving me crippled, stricken, powerless, a fierce pain driving through my veins—gouts of pain!—And I crept back into my old cavern, stumbling, blind and deaf, only for the haunting vision of my shame and the rushing sound of fevered blood.

The pain is gone. I see again; I care no more for the taunt and blow of that fierce god who was never mine. But in my wonder-house it is all still and bare; no image lingers on the blank mirrors any more. No singing bell floats in the echoless dome. Forms rise and pass; but neither mountain curve nor sand nor sea, nor shivering river, nor the faces of the flowers, nor flowering faces of my god's beloved, touch aught within me now. Not one poor thrill of vague delight for me, who felt the glory of the stars within my finger-tips. It slips past me like water. Brown without and clay within! No wonder now behind the ugly wall; an empty temple! I cannot worship, I cannot love, I cannot care. All my life-service is unweighed against that faithless hour of my forswearing.

It is just; it is the Law; I am forsworn, and the gods have given me the Reward of An Apostate.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HAVE WE A RIGHT TO BE LAZY? John A. Morris, Los Angeles, Cal.

MEAT SUBSTITUTES. Isabel Goodhue. Magazine of Mysteries, New York.

JOHANN SCHMIDT. Du Bosque. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.

MYSTIFICATION PATRIOTIQUE ET SOLIDARITE PROLETARIENNE. Frédéric Stackelberg, Paris.

THE SCARLET SHADOW. A story of the great Colorado conspiracy. Walter Hart. The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE AMSTERDAM ANARCHIST CONGRESS. International Bureau, London.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

Monsieur Clemenceau, the protector of the French bourgeoisie, is evidently trying hard to rival other governments for brutality towards all radical elements. The condemnation of the publisher and the editors of *La Guerre Sociale* to unusually severe punishment is the latest heroic act of the "humanitarian" Clemenceau. Gustave Hervé, the publisher of the paper, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 7,500 francs for his active participation in the anti-militarist propaganda; the editors Almereyda and Merle were condemned to five years and 7,500 francs each. Hervé is a member of the Executive Board of the Socialist Party.

Fortunately, however, the government occasionally fails to find in the judge a pliant tool, ready to convict by governmental order, Anarchists and anti-militarists. Thus the powers that be have suffered a fiasco in their attempt to convict comrades Matha, editor of *Libertaire*, Domby and Barrier, on the charge of "counterfeiting." The authorities sought revenge, however, in sending to prison comrades Cibot and Jourdain for five years on the same charge.

The recent anti-militarist trials resulted in the conviction of Gabrielle Petit to six months' imprisonment, after our brave comrade had suffered three months' "preliminary detention." Comrades Lorulet, Broutchoux and Cachet were also convicted for distributing an anti-militarist pamphlet. Lorulet, the author of the leaflet, received fifteen, the other comrades three months each.

The trials of the anti-militarists of Grenoble, Lyon and Lorient resulted in the acquittal of all the defendants.

Premier Clemenceau has issued a circular letter to all prefects, ordering them to compile a "black list" of the most active anti-militarists, with regular reports as to their actions. The premier has gone a step further yet and curtailed the privileges heretofore enjoyed by the political prisoners. Thus the "humanitarian" Clemenceau is gradually becoming the spiritual brother of the autocratic Tsar.

A French comrade writes that the Paris Municipal Council has decided that a street in that city shall be called after Elisée Reclus, but regrets that the Council's point of view has been simply to commemorate a literary and scientific man, not the advanced revolutionary seer and thinker that Socialists and Anarchists alike loved and revered. Also that a statue is to be erected to his memory, Clemenceau being favorable to the project. Dr. P. Reclus protests against it. "To live in our hearts and memories, Elisée Reclus does not need to be misrepresented in an ugly monument, wearing a frock coat and seated in an armchair!" "You will be given a statue," said someone to Elisée towards the close of his life. "Well, I hope for a comrade to pull it down and plant a fruit tree in its place," was the characteristic retort of the modest, great-hearted old man. In the same way, our comrade points out, the gentler virtues of Louise Michel were the ones extolled by the Radicals of Paris at her death. It was for her kind heart and lavish, unselfish generosity of soul that she was to be praised and remembered, not because, being a mere woman, she fought like a man for her beloved comrades and Commune, and was ready to do and dare for oppressed humanity all her life. Louise was a revolutionist, Reclus was a revolutionist—such things are not to be spoken of or kept before the minds of the French proletariat, so the city fathers opine. But the proletariat are not quite such fools as—municipal officials. Yet it is a strange fact that even some Anarchists seem inclined to dim the fighting side of "la bonne Louise's" nature. It is said that a statuette, designed to grow later into an imposing memorial to her, has been moulded. It represents Louise seated in a chair with a child in her arms and a cat affectionately brushing the folds of her skirt. We once said to a comrade grown old in the cause of humanity: "But is Louise's love for children and cats the only attribute to be commemorated? She should have a liberty cap on her head, a sword across her knees." "Not at all," was the amazing answer, "Louise was all heart—the part she played in the Commune was merely accidental." We can see the flash in Louise's blue eyes, had she heard those words! Granted that circumstances —poverty, persecution, and latterly failing years—precluded her taking the active position in the struggle for

the liberty of the individual that she otherwise would have done, yet if ever a woman was a born fighter as well as humanitarian, that woman was Louise Michel. The writer remembers her exclaiming, at a time when it seemed probable a revolutionary movement was to break out in Paris: "If it is revolution and they keep me from going to my people, I will kill myself!" Her blue eyes flamed.

ITALY.

The expected secession of the revolutionary trade unions from the Socialist-led Confederation—as forecast in our last issue—has become an accomplished fact. The immediate cause of the secession was the treacherous attitude of the Socialist politicians in regard to the recent great railroad strike. The majority of the trade unions have joined the new syndicalist organization, whose members now total two hundred thousand. The headquarters of the Confederation are at Bologna, where the official organ, the *Internazionale*, is published.

Naples is witnessing a gigantic rent strike. Two thousand families have already been ordered dispossessed by the courts, but the strikers are determined to resist being thrown on the street. As usual, the government has rushed to the aid of the landlords by putting the military at their disposal.

GERMANY.

The authorities are strenuously endeavoring to divert popular attention from the recently exposed immorality in "high" places. Anarchists and anti-militarists are being arrested wholesale and their publications confiscated. Comrades Oerter, Oestreich, Kielmeyer, Werner Daya and Goschke have been indicted for high treason, inciting to riot and ridiculing the Kaiser's army.

The case against Dr. Friedeberg, charged with high treason, has been dropped by the prosecution for lack of evidence.

In all the larger cities of the Empire domiciliary arrests are taking place, the police ransacking the houses and confiscating "suspicious" literature. During the search of the editorial rooms of the Berlin *Revolutionär* the police unwittingly left behind their memorandum book, containing names, addresses and pedigrees of "un-

desirable" persons. The *Revolutionär* has published some very interesting data from the police list, from which it appears that the name of comrade Emma Goldman, with description, was also on the "black list."

A number of "foreign" comrades have been deported, as unfit for the atmosphere of moral Germany.

The literary world has sustained a severe loss in the death of Dr. Arthur Mülberger, the well-known translator of Proudhon and the author of a brilliant work on the latter's life.

AUSTRIA.

A new organization, embracing various trades, has been formed in Bohemia and has issued a declaration of principles along syndicalist lines. A branch of the railway employees has joined the syndicalist organization.

The new labor body is the result of the dissatisfaction of the Czech workingmen with the Social Democratic politicians, who are eternally interfering with the affairs of labor unions.

ENGLAND.

A revival of Anarchist activity is taking place in the United Kingdom. New groups have been formed in Liverpool, Manchester, Leads, Cardiff and Swansea. The newly organized Anarchist Federation is aiding the new groups with literature and lecturers, as well as financially.

* * *

Gerald Massey, the old Chartist poet, died at the age of seventy-nine. Massey is said to have been the original of George Eliot's "Felix Holt, the Radical." While there are exploited people, the poems of the man who could write,

> "For our fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
> Our mothers with Death's kiss are white;
> Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
> And our daughters his slaves by night,"

should not be allowed to die.

* * *

It were not surprising if our judicial bartenders were to consider their English colleague Judge Willis a degenerate.

"Judge Willis, Southwark County Court, London, confessed himself a Socialist, as he rebuked a defendant who referred to the plaintiff as the 'friend of a Socialist and an Anarchist.' 'Don't speak in that way,' said the Judge, severely. 'I am a Socialist. Socialism may mean all that is good, and it does not affect me if a man is an Anarchist, though I am not that. All these things depend upon definition. I believe that my Socialism, which arises out of Individualism, leads to the highest moral actions, and some of the very best men have been described as 'Anarchists' without justification."

The veteran author, Morrison Davidson, makes the following comment in *Reynold's Newspaper* (London):

"Bravo, Judge Willis! The truth will come out of honest men, even though they be Judges. To-day you are a Socialist, with a benevolent word for the reprobated Anarchist. To-morrow, who can tell, you may find yourself sitting down to mess in full communion with 'some of the very best of men,' quite accurately 'described as Anarchists.' Verily, the motions of the Age-Spirit are as incalculable as those of the winds of heaven which blow whither they list. Collectivism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Terrorism—'all these things,' says the learned Judge, 'DEPEND UPON DEFINITION'—and he never spoke nor could speak with greater reason."

RUSSIA.

The revolutionary movement has sustained one of its severest blows in the reported arrest of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Katherine Breshkovskaya. The two patriarchs of Free Russia, whose zeal and devotion no amount of persecution or disappointment could dampen, are now said to be imprisoned in the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress. A movement has been started in the United States in behalf of these victims of the murderous autocracy.

* * *

The hope of liberating the country through parliamentary action, as dreamed by the Socialists, appears to be receding farther and farther. The Socialist members of the second Duma have been condemned to long years of imprisonment, while a majority of the first Duma are now facing trial for the Viborg manifesto. The government is continuing its policy of reaction and persecution with draconic severity. According to the latest reports the trade organizations are being suppressed by the Tsar.

It were fallacious to conclude, however, that the white terror has disposed of the revolutionary activity. By

no means. The more brutal the policy of the government, the more determined is growing the political and economic terror.

The Glasgow *Herald* publishes the following letter by the representative of an English firm in Russia:

"Things at present are really so bad that I am afraid I will have to give in my resignation. Every manager in the properties is under sentence of death from these dogs of Anarchists. They are killing the managers off one by one, quite systematically. Three were killed last fortnight; another had to clear out immediately. Everybody who possibly can is clearing out, as it has become so serious that when once one gets a letter from the Anarchists it means certain death to stay on. One poor chap, a Swede, got a warning letter, and because he overstayed the time allowed to clear out by a couple of days he was shot dead just as he was leaving the place for good. Some others have been shot without getting a chance to clear out. My hair is gradually turning gray, as this sort of living is more than human nature can stand. One is afraid not only to go out, but to keep at home."

Another lickspittle writes:

"Every day the columns of the newspapers are full of long lists of robberies, murders and attempts of all kinds. Even after two years of continuous Anarchy (?) to which one has become quite accustomed, one is appalled at the criminal statistics of the present day. Murders are constantly increasing, the victims being chiefly rural authorities, bailiffs, and guards, as well as rich inhabitants, but indeed a mutual destruction is going on without regard to social positions."

Persons arriving in St. Petersburg from Siberia bring terrible tales of the misery of the peasant immigrants there. All the Trans-Siberian stations are invaded by hordes of these pilgrims—men, women, and children—ragged, pale, and extenuated, begging for money or bread. Every coin thrown them, however small, is practically struggled for. The stations serving as halting-places are a horrible spectacle. All the out-buildings are packed, and many pass days and nights outside in the mud. They consider themselves fortunate if they have daily bread.

* * *

A new valiant fighter for Anarchism is in the field—a 42-page magazine, *Anarchist*, whose special object is the clarification of the ideas and practice of Anarchism. We advise all our readers who can read Russian to subscribe to the new magazine. Address: L. Bertoni, 6 Rue des Savoises, Genève, Switzerland.

ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL

Correspondence Bureau, Circular No. 2.
163 Jubilee St., London, Eng., Dec. 12, 1907.

Dear Comrades:—Taking into consideration that most of the comrades were of the opinion that a Bulletin was absolutely necessary, and that it should be published as soon as the necessary sum for starting it would be found, the Bureau having received from an Anarchist group a sum sufficient for that purpose, decided to publish the first number by the beginning of January, 1908. The Bureau thinks that the Bulletin—which we will call "Bulletin of the Anarchist International"—should mainly contain the reports of the Anarchist and labor movements of all the countries; then articles on questions of the day, chiefly on the Anarchist organization as well as on revolutionary syndicalism. The Bulletin will also contain reports of the Bureau, so far as, according to those concerned, their publication will cause no inconvenience; additions to the archives, etc., etc.

Thinking that such a Bulletin will fill a gap that is felt in the whole Anarchist movement, the Bureau puts to you the following questions: 1st. To let us know, *as early as possible*, what sum of money you could send monthly to cover the paper's expenses? It would be desirable that all adhering organizations should be able, each one sending its monthly "subsidy," to assure the existence of the Bulletin. 2d. To send us, *regularly*, and as shortly as possible, reports on the movement of your country or town, so that the Bulletin should always be in a position to print all reports and in this way fulfill its duty—that of keeping all comrades in full knowledge of the Anarchist and labor movements in all countries.

As the Bulletin has to appear in January, will you send us your first report on what is going on in your parts by December 22nd?

Remember, comrades! If you wish the Bulletin to exist and to do good work, we want your *regular* contribution towards the expense, and your *regular* reports on the movement. The Bulletin will appear, at first, monthly, in at least 8 pages (11 inches by 9), and in the French language, as the most generally known.

The Bureau would like you to answer this letter as soon as possible and at the same time give us your opinion as to how the Bulletin should be conducted. The Bureau will try to make use of everything that would render the Bulletin better. The comrades should also send us the number of copies of the Bulletin they desire, so as to be able to settle the number to be printed, and the names and addresses of all the Anarchist and revolutionary papers of their country, so that the Bulletin might reach the greatest possible number of newspapers.

To the work then, comrades, and let us make the Bulletin a real bond of union between the Anarchists of all countries.

Reports for the Bulletin can be written in French, English, German, Russian, Yiddish, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian and Esperanto.

The Bureau will publish in the Bulletin a full account of the Amsterdam Congress.

Fraternally yours, for the Bureau,

A. SCHAPIRO.

EDITORIAL NOTE

From a private letter we quote: "As to the Bureau, it has work above its shoulders. Letters pour in from all parts of the world. We just received the adhesion of the Japanese groups (from Japan!) with a donation towards the expenses of the Bureau. Spain is marvellous! Fifteen towns are now members of the A. I. (including *Tierra y Libertad;* four groups in Paris and some in the provinces; Germany, Belgium, Hungary (two Budapest groups), Bohemia, Switzerland, etc., etc."

We congratulate the Bureau upon its activity and the publication of the Bulletin, suggesting, however, that the later appear at least in two languages, one of them to be English.

MOTHER EARTH will then gladly co-operate, both in regard to sending reports and financial assistance.

TO THE ANARCHISTS OF AMERICA

The activity and experience of the past have clearly demonstrated to us the necessity of united and systematic effort for the purpose of greater propagandistic effect.

This, we are firmly convinced, could be best accomplished by a federation of individual Anarchists and groups along autonomic lines.

Several Anarchist groups and a number of individuals of New York City have, therefore, combined into an organization, to be known as the Anarchist Federation.

The members of the Federation have thus far, after thorough discussion, agreed upon the following points as a basis for the Federation's activity:

1. Participation in the every-day social life of the people.
2. Self-educational clubs and lecture bureau.
3. Participation in the labor movement with the specific propaganda of Direct Action and the General Strike.
4. An Anarchist Home, i. e. hall, club, and library.
5. Defence Bureau for imprisoned comrades, and for other political prisoners, if possible.*
6. School for Children.
7. Declaration of Principles.

(After a greater number of groups and individuals have joined the Federation, the latter will call a Convention to work out a Declaration of Principles.)

8. Joining of the American Federation to the International.

As the name Anarchist Federation indicates, each member of the Federation—whether individual or group—preserves his full autonomy, free to act in all matters according to his own best judgment. The Federation, on its part, reserves the right to declare itself either for or against any action of its members.

We trust that the various groups and comrades at large will see their way clear to joining forces with the Federation. We hope that after a thorough discussion within the groups themselves, our comrades will find no objec-

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*) The Federation considers the defence of comrades a duty, irrespective of the Federation's attitude toward the particular cause of arrest.

tions to acting with the Federation along the points stated. Comrades, there are probably various questions of principle and tactics upon which different opinions prevail. But on the other hand there are certain issues upon which all can join, and it is these we lay before you for your discussion and final action.

The burning questions of the day offer us a wide field of action. Let us not remain standing passively aside. Let us rather immediately enter the arena.

The Federation has already initiated its activity by organizing monster mass meetings of the unemployed. Its immediate program further contains the organization of a series of lectures to popularize Anarchism. Also the immediate publication, in English and Jewish, of a pamphlet on the Crisis, to be spread in hundreds of thousands all over the country.

We call the attention of groups and comrades to the necessity of immediate action with regard to the proposed pamphlet, which is already written and set. The question of joining the Federation the groups can decide only after some discussion. That will necessarily require time. But the question of the pamphlet must be decided upon at once, and we call upon all comrades and groups to notify us without unnecessary delay as to the number of pamphlets they desire, and to what extent they can contribute to help defray the expenses of publication.

Fraternally,

ANARCHIST FEDERATION OF NEW YORK.

All communications to the Federation are to be addressed to the Secretary, J. O. Behr, 552 Fox St., New York. Money to be sent to the Treasurer, Alexander Berkman, Box 47 D, New York.

❦ ❦ ❦

ANENT MY LECTURE TOUR

The announcement in MOTHER EARTH and *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* of my proposed tour is bringing numerous invitations from all parts of the country, proving the lively interest and activity of our comrades.

From the 5th till the 18th of January I shall lecture in Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, Gloversville, and Schenectady.

After that at:

Philadelphia, Pa., January 24th and 25th, at Pennsylvania Hall;
Washington, D. C., January 26th (afternoon);
Baltimore, Md., January 26th (evening);
Pittsburg, Pa., January 27th.

February 13th I shall start on my western tour. Dates have been engaged by the following cities: Montreal, London, Toronto (Canada), Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Cincinnati, Springfield, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and Chicago.

I urge those western groups and comrades from whom I have not yet heard, to make haste if they wish me to reserve dates for them.

I have already stated that my tour is intended to aid MOTHER EARTH, as the magazine largely depends on it. I hope the comrades will bear that in mind.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

Previously acknowledged	$167.80
Proceeds from E. G. meetings:	
Brockton, Mass.	15.00
Lawrence, Mass	14.00
Haverhill, Mass	12.00
Lowell, Mass	3.00
Worcester, Mass	12.00
Boston, Mass	16.00
Paterson, N. J	18.00
Bronsville, N. Y	38.00
Harlem Liberal Alliance, N.Y	10.00
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Fannie Bailing	1.00
G. H	1.00
M. Haskin	1.00
Wm. Kofbis	1.00
S. Goldman	1.00
R. Neitzge, Chicago	1.00
P. Walter, San Francisco	.50
Total	$315.30

Deficit, as per November account	$333.84
Deficit, December M. E.	100.00
E. G. tour expenses	10.00
Total deficit and expenses	$443.84
Total receipts	315.30
Deficit	$128.54

What energy and zeal can accomplish has been shown during my tour in the textile districts, where a few devoted comrades had arranged all my meetings. The latter were successful in every way, in spite of the industrial depression. I found a very intense interest in our ideas all through New England. May our comrades keep up the good fight.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

WEEKLY PAPER FUND

Previously acknowledged	$23.25
R. L. Feldman, Baltimore, Md.	1.00
Geo. Pflaum, Baltimore, Md.	.50
Progressive Ladies' Tailors, N. Y., per Otto Pick.	8.00
T. Takahashi, N. Y.	1.00
Louis Dickstein, N. Y.	.50
Dr. L. M. Robins, Brooklyn	2.00
D. Levinson, New London, Conn.	3.00
J. Soyez, Cincinnati, Ohio	2.00
Mr. Fingold, Dorchester, Mass.	.50
M. Heiman, Paterson, N. J.	1.00
A. Niedermeier, Trenton, N. J.	1.00
Group Worker's Friend, Syracuse, N. Y., per M. Slive	10.00
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Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th Street, cor. Lenox.

Lyric Congregation

Every Sunday, 11 A. M., at Lyric Hall, 6th Ave. & 42nd St.
John R. Coryell, lecturer.

Manhattan Liberal Club

Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Mott Hall, 64 Madison Ave., opp. Madison Square Garden.

Liberal Art Society

Every Friday, 8.30 P. M., at Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway.

Brooklyn Philosophical Association

Every Sunday, 3 P. M., at Long Island Business College, 143 S. 8th Street.

Chicago Social Science League

Every Sunday, 8 P. M., Room 412, Masonic Temple.

San Francisco Liberty Group

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